And thus my battell shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foote,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
Iohn Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of the foote and horse,
They thus directed, we will follow
In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse:
This, and Saint George to boote, what thinkest thou Nor.

Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth*
This found I on my tent this morning. *him a paper.*

Iockey of Norffolke be not so bold,
For Dickon thy maister is bought and sold.

King. A thing deuised by the enemie,
Goe Gentelemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuisde as first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience, swords our lawe
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell. *His Oration to*
What shall I say more then I haue inferd: *his Armie.*
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, rascols and runawaies,
A scum of Brittains, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their orecloyed country vomits forth
To desperate aduentures & assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest:
You hauing lands, & blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milkesopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of France,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exployt,
For want of means poore rats had hangd themselues

If we be conquered, let men conquere vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bobd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lye with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw, your arrows to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staues,
What saies Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?

Mes. My Lord, he doth denie to come.

King. Off with his sonne Georges head.

Nor. My Lord, the enemie is past the marsh,
After the battaile, let George Stanley die.

King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosome,
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes,
Our auncient word of courage faire Saint George
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them, victorie sits on our helpes.

Alarum, excursions, Enter Catesbie.

Cat. Rescew my Lord of Norfolke, rescew, rescew
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euery danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foote he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,
Rescew faire Lord, or else the day is lost. *Enter Richard.*

Kin. A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.

Cat. Withdraw my Lord, ile helpe you to a horse.

Kin. Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast
And I will stand the hazard of the dye,
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
Fiue haue I slaine to day, in stead of him.
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.

Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine, then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmond, Darby bearing the crowne, with other Lords.

Ri. God and your armes be praised victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloudie dog is dead.

Dar. Couragious Richmond, wel hast thou acquit thee,

Lor(

Line 6 this sorte. 10 to bootes.
18 is but a word
Line 2 drawen out all in— 21 to it 29 to you—

Line 4 and in record— 7 Fight, Gen—
20 our helmes.